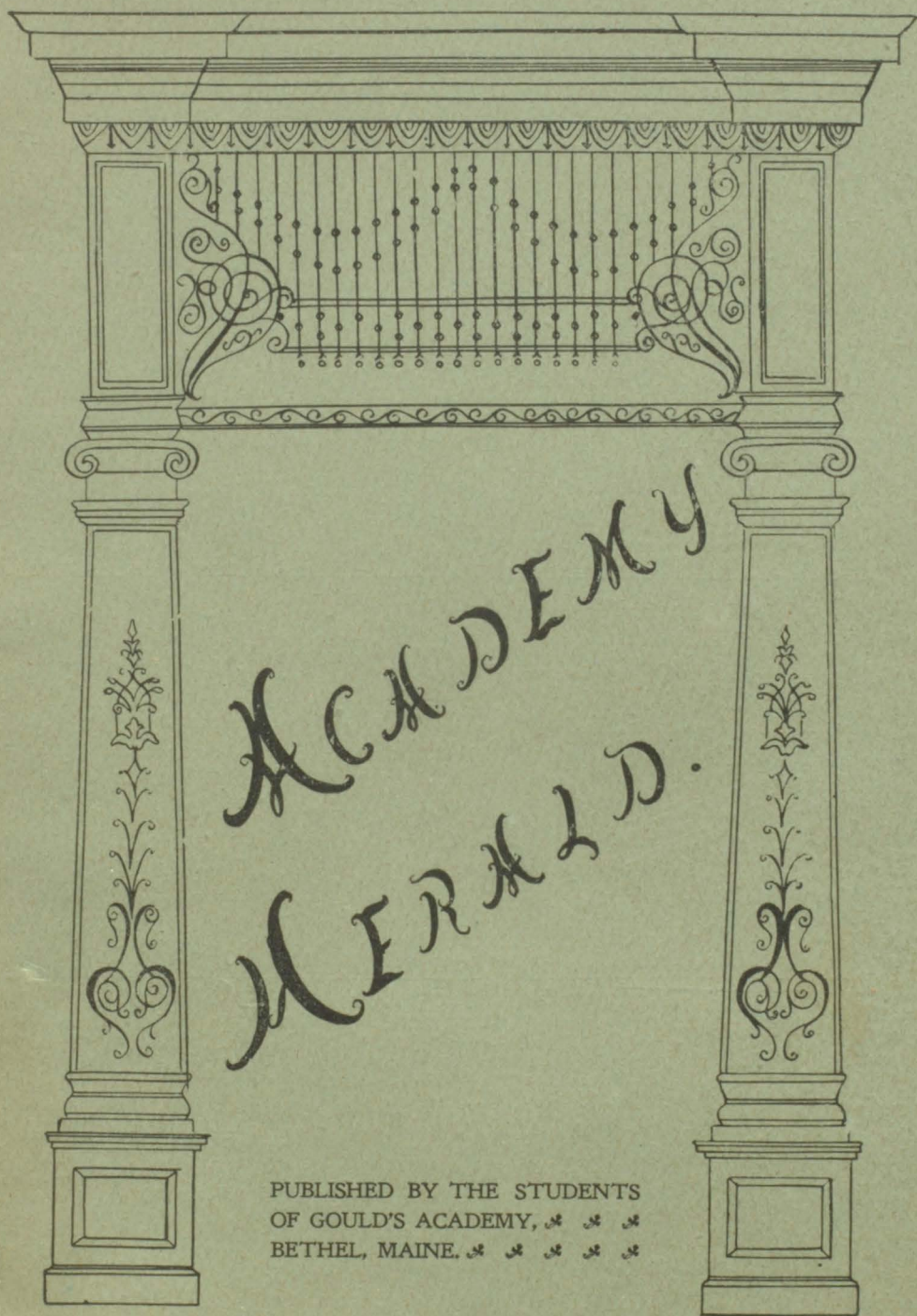


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February, 1900.

No. 2.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF GOULD'S ACADEMY, * * * * *
BETHEL, MAINE. * * * * *

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The Academy Herald.

VOL. IV. BETHEL, MAINE, FEBRUARY, 1900. NO. 2.

THE ACADEMY HERALD,

Editorial.

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GOULD'S ACADEMY.

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THERE is one point in connection with our school-work to which some of us give too little attention; it is that of losing a recitation unnecessarily, either through absence or because of insufficient preparation. We are apt to think it is all right to be absent from school occasionally, since we can make up the lesson on our return. Making up a lesson is all right in its place; but it can never be of the permanent value it would have been had it been recited in class with the additional privilege of comparing our individual work with that of others. At the same time, we are giving our teachers unnecessary trouble and anxiety. Oftentimes we neglect to make up our lessons at the appointed time, thus causing our teachers additional annoyance. This bad habit—for it is a habit on the part of some few of our students—may be the result of thoughtlessness, nevertheless it is unkind to our teachers, unjust to our parents, detrimental to our own best interests and unworthy any student who honors Gould's Academy.

CHARACTER is the diamond that scratches every other stone." If there is any power in the world that will make itself felt, it is character. There may be little culture, slender education, no property, no position in society; but, if there be sterling character, it will demand influence and secure respect. Association with the good can only produce good, with the wicked, evil. Our associations, our struggles,

triumphs and defeats all leave their mark upon our lives. The study of books, music, or the fine arts, is not necessary to a fine character. Every thought which enters the mind, every word we speak, every act we perform makes its impression upon us, and the result of these impressions is our character. "As there is nothing in the world great but man, there is nothing truly great in man but character."



"**P**ROCRASTINATION is the thief of time," we are told, and it is very strongly emphasized by the number of tardy marks that each day are placed against the names of some of our students. It is too bad to have an otherwise fair record so marred and defaced, when a little extra effort in the morning would prevent all this. And even if we do not care for the record, should we not think of the trouble and annoyance we give to our teachers by coming in at all hours except the right one? We are all proud of our school, and would not willingly do anything to lessen its high standing; think, then, of the impression given to outsiders, when they see various students loitering along the streets long after the bell has rung! Why not all resolve to be prompt, and thus set a good example?



THE war in the Transvaal is rapidly becoming a serious matter. It is beginning to dawn upon England that she must either enlist more soldiers and better generals in her "provincial forces" or give up some of her aspirations in regard to territory. It is said that England, in conquering the Transvaal, is doing more to promote civilization than any other country has done for years with the exception, perhaps, of Uncle Sam's invasion of the Phillipines; and that she is enjoying very much the same success that we enjoyed. Reinforcement after reinforcement has been landed in Africa, the commander-in-chief has been changed several times for one deemed or hoped to be more

able than his predecessors, and still the Boers hold their own, and even, occasionally, gain an advantage. Each battle is fraught with great losses to both sides, and it seems that the "benefits to humanity" in the outcome, will be more than offset by the dreadful results in loss of life. The Boers are a strange people, staunch and brave, much attached to their ancient customs and traditions, and they will do their utmost to keep out the English "usurper." The extent of that utmost is beginning to be felt. It is a sad affair throughout, and although it would, doubtless, aid the progress of civilization to have England supreme in the Transvaal, yet, that these homely people, who have lived in peace in their own little nook of that far land for so many generations, should be invaded, slaughtered and finally conquered, adds nothing to the glory of the world's greatest nation.



DEPEND upon yourselves. A habit which we, as scholars, are apt to fall into, is that of relying upon one another for work that should be done alone. This habit weakens our ability; for, little by little, our self-confidence wears away, and when, at length, we are compelled to stand alone, we find, too often, that it is almost an impossibility. One of the greatest evils the teacher has to face is that of having students who rely too much on the answers laid down in the book. We should bear in mind that we shall have the questions of life to deal with after we leave school, and there are no prescribed answers to these questions; they are "originals" with us all, and must be demonstrated without recourse to any other authority than our own common-sense and judgment. Let us, then, do what we can by ourselves, and become accustomed to depend on our own individual efforts to produce the required end, and thus, establish a confidence in our ability to cope successfully with the more difficult problems which will come to us in the school of life.

Bits from a New England Village.

IN the first place, she had the great good fortune of alighting in a most picturesque little New England village after her first flight from the home-nest. Not that all of them do not possess attractive features, but then there are always kinds and degrees.

She always did want to see a New England village anyway, and having a steady diet of Miss Wilkins' and Miss Jewett's stories, which she devoured with the keenest relish, she had rather a high ideal of the typical aforesaid village, and was very likely to be somewhat exacting in her requirements.

The only kind of mountains she had ever met with in her western home, had been the kind which people make out of mole-hills, hence the lofty mountains overawed her for the first few weeks. And even after the novelty had worn off, she had a most profound and deep-seated respect for them, which developed soon after into a kind of Platonic friendship. After a due time, this in turn, very naturally ripened into love, and of the most approved kind, based as it was upon a firm foundation of respect and friendship.

Silently but ardently, she breathed in all the beauty about her with dilated nostrils, —this is speaking figuratively of course— for, in reality, this kind of tenseness of the muscles is not universally becoming. She loved to look at the sky and sunsets, and to name all the gleaming yellows, so harmonious, so varied: bronze, saffron, gold, orange, copper, amber, ivory—(yellow was her most becoming color anyway.) She loved the soft tufts of fleecy little white clouds, that floated about the foot-hills on certain days in a most confidential way. Somehow they seemed friendlier and less lofty than those at home, for there they never condescended to descend. She had vague ideas that she might wake up some morning and see a whole row of these puffy little clouds, ensconced upon a rail fence, or bunch-

ed upon the piazza railing like so many little featherheaded featherbeds, or even perched upon her window-sill, gazing meditatively at her like Raphael's cherubs.

The rosy glow of the mountains and of the heavens especially, recalled the memories of childhood, when these phenomena foretold wondrous things. It meant that Santa Claus in his far-off Castle Nowhere, was busily molding and baking the dollies and toys, which would come to good little girls at the next Christmas-tide. Whereupon she diligently practised her five-finger exercises, or dusted surreptitiously behind some neglected picture!

The glory and beauty of those sunny October days! The vivid, glowing colors of the foliage, brought out in relief by the dark background of sedate pointed firs! How it impressed upon the mind the poet's thought:

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush 's afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

She stayed at Poppy Hall, a most enticing name, is it not? And it suited wondrously well the mansion, standing there in its coat of old Colonial red, with its silvery lining of rest and peace and hospitality. This garment also had "Buttons" in the person of the little boy, who so willingly did the errands for mother and sister, and bravely trudged through sleet and snow to get the thrice welcome mail.

Then there was the stately old cat, who staggered through life under the *nom de plume* of Henry of Navarre, on account of the resemblance of his waving tail to that warrior's plume. Very prim and conventional indeed, he took upon himself the arduous duty of chaperoning the young ladies of the household. It was the queerest thing! He would escort them half-way down the hill to the post office, vanish, and, upon their return, suddenly reappear from behind some dark shadows and solemnly stalk home again, which is more and less than some chaperones do.

Oh, the delights of getting the mail! Not

exactly a dissipating pleasure, but nevertheless a most important feature of the village life, in fact of many an individual life, for did not old and young alike meet there at mail-time, and were there not many swift glances between blushing maidens and ardent swains? Ah, yes.

And then there were the many gatherings in the gymnasium of the Academy, when all, great and small, joined in the games of the evening, in intricate marches and the like, with the greatest enthusiasm. Most of them impromptu affairs, but has the question not been irrevocably decided by many a bevy of school-girls, that "there's much more fun in something gotten up in a hurry?" Besides all these indoor amusements, the village life afforded plenty of outdoor pleasures, coasting and skating and crust-walks. Just think what it means to one, accustomed to a crowded city, where there is very little snow, and that of a color not to inspire the poets, to come to a New England village with its loads, and piles, and heaps of frothy, fluffy snow of a dazzling purity! First of all it means coasting, just exactly as the boys and girls in Louisa Alcott's "Jack and Jill" do. Supposing the boys did steer purposely into a huge snow-drift by the wayside. Doesn't it add all the more zest to the evening's enjoyment? Of course, sometimes the snow means face-washing and snow-balling (to say nothing of still another kind of bawling,) but then it is one of a school-boy's ways of expressing admiration for his school-girl sweetheart. It certainly is not the most delicate kind of an attention, to receive a prosaic lump of snow in the neck, even though it comes on the wings of love.

To a Westerner the banking up of earth about the foundations of the houses, with the additional protection of evergreen branches, piled high over the mounds, is a source of great interest. It calls to memory very vividly those wonderful, soul-inspiring passages in Cæsar, wherein he mentions the earth-works, thrown up by his legions in such a remarkably short time, as well as

other equally marvellous feats. But it is a novel and very pretty custom indeed, each white house set in its wreath of evergreen. Another protection against wintry blasts and storms are the double windows, and they, too, are objects for reflection, for they are unheard of things in certain western regions.

But probably one of the most striking features of the New England village to a new-comer, is the close union of all the families into one great family, and the unusually high standard of its intellectual and moral life: finally, the surprising knowledge of etiquette, and the general spirit of up-to-dateness.

E. W.

The Development of English in Our High Schools.

EVER since the time when the white cliffs of Whitby vibrated with the first harmony of poetry, and Winchester, under the royal efforts of Alfred, became the cradle of English prose, has the English language been developing. There is no more fascinating study than the progress of English; from the time when the fair-haired Angles stood in the market-place at Rome, and by their manly bearing elicited papal help, down through the varying scenes of success attained, and ideals overthrown, to the present time. At first, only a solitary taper burns in the royal court of King Alfred, but in the Golden Age of Literature, when England's Good Queen Bess gathered to herself the noblest minds in the kingdom, then the palace halls were brilliant with the flashes of wit, and the prolonged bursts of eloquence.

As in the development of the English language from a crude dialect, so we must expect the same progress of thought and expression in our schools. In more cases than we would at first admit, the average scholar upon entering our High Schools, has very little definite knowledge of English. It is like the coming of a beautiful vision, of which he has only been told before, and to

watch the mind's awakening, becomes a privilege rather than a duty.

The first few weeks of a student's life in High School, either makes or mars his English career. Too often the fault is with the teacher, for to him is intrusted to make the first impressions of one of the most delightful and profitable studies. To the pupil, these first impressions are likely to last. Then let the first few lessons be like a prelude to a grand symphony, in which the movement and beauty are anticipated, and the listener himself hurries breathlessly on to become a part of the sublime harmony beyond. Every student, whether his course be classical or academic, should appear in some recitation that shall have for its definite aim, the study of English.

Aside from the importance of grammatical construction, the study of English should erect a standard by which the pupil compares all other languages. In too many schools we find the primal mistake in the arrangement of studies, and do not wonder at the pupil's entangled condition.

Personally an ideal arrangement in regard to the work in English, and those studies immediately branching from it, and holding despotic sway over it is this: when the pupil is studying the fundamental work in English, let him be reading from our American classics, such works as he can understand; as Longfellow's "Evangeline," Whittier's "Snowbound," and tales from Irving. He is also doing the fundamental work in literature. The next year when he is studying Rhetoric, he is ready to understand American History in its broadest meaning, and the third year while in English, he is ready to grasp the problems in English History. This is almost a necessity, for a student must understand the government of a country, before he can appreciate its literature.

The senior year in English, is the pupil's glorious ending to a literary course, because he has had three years of training in English history, and now his own mind is ready to receive unto itself the most beautiful thoughts

of the most profound thinkers, and as the literary study turns to the Greek writers, so the work in history is upon those classic countries of Greece and Italy.

In this arrangement, the studies supplement each other, and the student learns that the literature of a country is the outgrowth of its political calms or disturbances. In all the realm of studies, English and its outgrowth, Literature, demand a definite purpose or plan, and then a close adherence to it. If a teacher has a wavering purpose, you will be sure to find a disinterested class, with no standard before it, and no ideal fixed.

It is only when we fasten our chariot to a fixed star, that we can hope to attain to its brilliancy, or become like it, a star of magnitude. Usually during the first year in English, it is necessary to do more or less of the constructive work which gives the pupil a thorough preparation for his work in Rhetoric.

The time has come when the study of Rhetoric is no longer a dry bone, to be looked at by some, picked at by others, and digested by a few, if possible. It has become a living, pulsating being, to be anticipated with pleasure, enjoyed universally, and remain a lasting help to the student.

To interest students, one must meet them on their own plane of understanding, and develop and guide, rather than check their personality. By appealing to the student directly, he is made to feel himself part of this great plan, as helping to perfect the whole, and not a mere bystander, patiently watching the feats of another. By his individual efforts in descriptive and story writing, he reads books and magazines with greater appreciation. By bringing the finest pictures before him to study, by giving him finished essays to review, the plain country boy is led into a world of beauty of which he realizes he may become a part.

In the work in literature, our horizon broadens, the student is now capable of studying the various works of prose and poetry with an understanding mind, a mind

trained to think and to decide for itself. The intellect appreciates and assimilates only what appeals to it.

With a solid background of history, paint the scenes in play and poem, in such brilliant colors that the student will have a picture of his own creating. When the student's mind is filled with the beautiful things he has made his own, there is little chance for the entertainment of grosser thoughts.

What writer to begin with, and the order to be followed, are questions best settled by the grade of pupils, and the time allotted the study of literature. Comparative work is by far the most interesting, and seems to be fast superceding the former chronological methods.

Give breadth to your pupils by many references, carefully selected, and from as many authors as your library affords. Relative to the literary study in the senior year, an example from my own work may serve best as an illustration.

As a fitting beginning to such an extended course of study, we choose Shakespeare's most intricate play, Hamlet. After reading carefully, noting the wealth of allusions and beauty of diction, we make an ethical study of its characters, watching Hamlet as the intensity of purpose becomes a dominant power, and then turn to catch the faintest rustle that heralds the approach of Ophelia with her garlands.

She is like a strain of sad sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, or like the snow-flake which is dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth. The power, the strength, the beauty and the pathos are carefully watched until death draws the curtain across the scene and all has vanished in phantom-like silence.

Now comes the study of the three great epic writers: Homer, Dante, and Milton. We are on the threshold of Dante's "Vita Nuova," that most confiding of love songs, which is the theme of the prolonged journey-

ings in the Divine Comedy.

In this, Dante pours his soul out into the hearts of sympathizing centuries to come. He kneels before his most glorious Beatrice, and learns from her a lesson of love that neither the depth of the Inferno nor the wearisome climb of Purgatory can take away. Only to behold this gentle lady, sitting in Paradise with the reflection of the Christ's glory on her face, is recompense enough for the travel-stained Dante, and then his song ceases and the great epic is finished.

Homer and his mythical hero, Odysseus, will next draw our attention, and we shall, with him, watch the clear-eyed Athene bind on her beautiful sandals, immortal, made of gold, take her ponderous spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and go dashing down the ridges of Olympus, into the land of Ithaca. We shall pause with him before the brazen threshold of Alcinous' palace, pass beneath the golden portals and stand in awe beside a silver post and watch the sunlight scintillate upon the golden ceiling, or behold the golden youths, on massive pedestals, hold the flaming torches to light, by night, the palace for the feasters. We will listen to the enchanting song of the Sirens and pass, unhurt, to the shores of Ithaca, and there behold the heedful Penelope, as she sits before the fire in a chair fashioned with spiral work of ivory and silver over which a large fleece is thrown.

Later, we will watch her wind her skein of guile, as she sits before the massive loom upon which is stretched Laertes' shroud. Then clear-eyed Athene causes sweet sleep to fall upon Penelope's eyelids, and we hasten from the magical spell of the goddess, to find ourselves guided by the unswerving hand of Milton, through his "Paradise Lost."

We listen to clash of arms in Heaven, and then wait, breathlessly, for the building of Pandemonium, out of chaos, and then, the existence of the pendant world, and the creation of the "goodliest man of men" and "the fairest of earth's daughters, Eve."

The epic being finished, we turn to that

master mind with the spirit hand that prompted it—Browning. Here we stay long enough to learn that

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist.

Not its *semblance*, but itself."

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that *he* heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by."

The end to be reached in teaching English, is to so widen the pupil's horizon by placing the best before him, that his whole life will be a quest for the supreme good.

Like the search for the Golden Fleece, success does not come without unremitting toil; but the lives that are begun in school-days and broadened and uplifted by living in the beautiful, are more than a recompense. Let the pupil feel richer when he leaves the class-room than when he enters it because he has become the possessor of some grand thought.

In the development of English in our High Schools, let us work for individuality, for definiteness of purpose, and above all to establish an ideal that no after life can dim.

A. E. PURINGTON.

Needs of Gould's Academy.

A dead school, like a dead boy, has few needs. A little spot of earth, and, perchance, a slab to mark its resting place, are all that is needed by a school that has outlived its usefulness. A growing school, like a growing boy, is never without needs; and the more rapid the growth, the more numerous and imperative are the demands upon those whose duty it is to supply the needs, created by mental and physical development.

Gould's Academy is a living, growing, thriving school. In two years its attendance has more than doubled. Those who

visit the school, cannot fail to be impressed with the zeal and earnestness of its students, the faithful painstaking labor of its teachers. But how much more could be accomplished if some of the more imperative needs could be supplied, and how many there are who are amply able, and would be only too glad to render financial aid, if they only could be made to realize how much such assistance would mean to the boys and girls, who are here laying the foundation for their life-work.

Our sister academies are often made glad by benefactions, large and small. Now, it is Bridgton, with a five thousand dollar gymnasium, and an addition of \$15,000 to her permanent fund; now, Hebron, with a \$70,000 dormitory. We rejoice with them, but we cannot help wishing that a similar good fortune might be ours. Has our Academy fewer friends, or are its alumni less loyal to their Alma Mater than those of our sister schools? We believe there are those north, south, east and west who still have a warm corner in their hearts for "Old Gould's," and that their apparent indifference to her welfare is due to ignorance of her actual needs. The object of this article is to call attention to the field for philanthropic work in supplying some of the needs created by the recent growth and development of the school.

BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY.

There can be no question that the reading of good books strengthens the intellect, broadens the general knowledge, is, in fact, an important part of the modern school curriculum. If our library could be supplied with some of the best modern fiction, together with those books which treat of the later discoveries and development in science, such as Modern Electricity, Submarine Destructive agencies, Liquid Air, Aerial Navigation, and with a few more standard historical works, the results would be more far-reaching than finite minds can conceive. We acknowledge with pleasure and grati-

tude the receipt of Mr. Almon Rowe's recent gift along this line, and trust that his example will inspire others to enroll their names among Gould's benefactors.

READING ROOM.

Young people, especially students, should have constant access to daily papers, and the leading magazines and periodicals, in order to keep in touch with what is going on in the world. By means of entertainments, our reading room has been kept well supplied with the best literature. Many of our subscriptions have recently expired, and no funds are at hand with which to purchase renewals. This is especially unfortunate at the present time, when wars are so rapidly changing the history and geography of the world. An opportunity is here afforded for some public-spirited person to establish a permanent fund for the maintenance of a well equipped reading room.

RUBBER MATTING FOR STAIRS.

Another fall! is the mental ejaculation of teachers and students as someone comes tumbling down those slippery stairs. This is a daily occurrence, and in the present polished condition of the stairs, the passage to and from recitations is not without more or less peril to life and limb. What we need to prevent these casualties, is rubber stair-matting. Who?—but we won't ask who, for of course someone will be glad to put an end to the "tumbling act," and at no distant day we hope to see the truckman drive up with a big roll of rubber matting, tagged, "Gould's Academy, from Mr.——"?

SEATS FOR SMALL RECITATION ROOM.

By the modern method of teaching, much writing must be done by the students in the class room, and it is not easy to write with no support for the hand other than a book or writing tablet, neither is it convenient for two teachers to conduct written examinations in the same room at the same time. These conditions must continue to exist until someone, benevolently inclined, pro-

vides seats, other than settees, for the small recitation room.

SETTEES FOR GYMNASIUM.

People sometimes laugh when they see the students tugging settees across the street from Garland Chapel. Of course they know there is going to be a social in the "gym" and seats are necessary. We laugh, too, but it is no laughing matter, and when we come to think of it, what is the need? Why can't we have some settees of our own? The only thing needed in order to have them is the—settees.

CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL APPARATUS.

When we get "about so far" in Physics or Chemistry, we are obliged to call a halt in our experimental work, for lack of material, and continue these studies wholly on theoretical lines. Is it always to be thus? Wanted,—a fund for this department.

PICTURES.

Incidentally, we would mention that a few more pictures for our walls would be acceptable, there is plenty of room. The appreciation of good pictures is really a liberal education in itself. Would *we* appreciate them? Try us and see.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

There is one thing more for the man or men who want their names to become immortal in the annals of Gould's Academy—Free Scholarships. What would give more lasting pleasure than the knowledge of having assisted some deserving boy or girl to acquire an education!

Who will be the first to supply one of the above needs? Whether it be the smallest or largest, it will receive its just share of appreciation from the students and teachers of G. A.

But the good deed, through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows, and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

—Longfellow.

A Kaleidoscopic Sketch.

THE invitation of the HERALD was not to be declined anyway, even though I, by acceding to its polite request, were to make a literary blunderer amid those so happy in expressing the finer things.

So you would know of our "city by the sea," but time forbids. I confess a certain weakness made me feel, on leaving, in June, the "city set on a hill," that I'd barter off very cheaply the ambition I had cautiously expressed to a few friends, which ambition pretended that I was anxious to locate in a more lucrative place.—I would say here, that I never expect to live in a town whose people will treat me better, or make my life pleasanter than did the people of the pretty little hamlet among the famous Oxford Hills—and Bears. * * * *

Well, on a cool, crisp September morning, I found myself a part of a new, altogether new school body, and how unmercifully tall I felt physically; how infinitely small and weak seemed the intellectual homo, as the physical and intellectual, joining hands after the mode of "Samantha and her loved Josiah," somewhat cautiously beheld the host of bright, clean, wholesome faces, and prepared to utter the "Professor's Maiden Speech!"

How welcome then would have been the reassuring voice of my friend "Kuros!" What would I not have given for the protection of a sturdy, keenly-pointed, well-tempered "Spear!" Yea, perchance it had been some comfort to have heard the martial though subdued cadences of the famous "Lohengrin" from "ye ancient musical machine in ye farre top o' ye tall Academie." However, the "Professor's" debut was formally made; then classes were organized, and the mystic year of 1899 and 1900 had begun its unrolling of the book of the fates.

My heart's desire is the continuation of a genuine success for the students, and teachers, and friends of "Dear Old Gould's."

E. H. PRATT.

City of Ellsworth, Me., Jan. 22, 1900.

The M. I. L.

THE plan of forming a secret society among the students of Gould's Academy, which has been under consideration for some time, was brought to a focus during the latter part of last term by the organization of the M. I. L. This society was formed with the sanction and assistance of Principal Hanscom, and will, without doubt, become a permanent institution. It cannot fail to be a means of enjoyment and helpfulness to those who possess the requisite qualifications for membership, together with the courage to brave the mysteries and terrors of the initiatory ceremony.

Surely a society with so worthy an object ought to succeed if the right stimulus be applied, and that it will be applied, those who know the energy and enthusiasm of its charter members can not doubt.

The chief object of the society, as set forth in the constitution, is the mutual improvement of its members, and a union of effort to promote the best interests of the school in general. To this end, total abstinence from the use of tobacco, alcohol, and profanity is a part of the obligation. The society meets alternate Friday evenings, and, at present, debates on current topics are a part of each evening's programme. A banquet is planned for the near future.

The following officers were elected at the first meeting of the term:

G. C.—M. B. Gay.

V. C.—Wm. H. Holmes.

S.—Walter Holmes.

T.—Guy Barker.

D.—F. E. Hanscom.

C.—C. H. Holmes.

S. E.—Geo. E. Ryerson.

J. E.—Gilbert Tuell.

T-t.—Chester Bean.

Ex. Com.— { Gotthard Carlson,
M. B. Gay,
Arthur Watson.

Now that the society has been formed, it is hoped that the interest will continue unabated, and that the good it contemplates will be achieved in an eminent degree. Long live the M. I. L.!



THE LATE HON. RICHARD A. FRYE.

Hon. Richard A. Frye.

IT is always a sad duty to record the death of a good man, doubly so is it now with us to record the death of a man, who, for nearly half a century, has taken so active an interest in the school of which we form a part.

Hon. Richard A. Frye, whose likeness appears on the opposite page, was born in Bethel, Me., July 22, 1829. He was of a noble line of ancestry. The progenitor of the family came from Andover, England, of a family of great prominence. His great-grandfather, Gen. Joseph Frye, was the commander of the colonial forces at Fort William Henry. He settled in Fryeburg, Me., in 1770, and from him the town took its name.

His grandfather and that of Hon. William P. Frye, were brothers. His father, Hon. William Frye, was the first lawyer to settle in Bethel. Beginning to practise in Bethel, in 1820, he was, to the time of his death, one of the most prominent lawyers of his town and state.

His son, the subject of this sketch, was educated in the common schools of Bethel and at Gould's Academy, where he fitted for college. He studied law in the office of his father, and was admitted to the Oxford Bar, in 1855. He succeeded to his father's practice, and at once found himself in the midst of a large business.

Judge Frye always had a high reputation as a good counselor. He was always ready to assist a young lawyer, and was ever glad to have older attorneys confer with him relative to professional questions. Striking in appearance and dignified in bearing, he was long a noticeable figure at the Oxford Bar at court time. He had been, for some time, president of the Oxford Bar Association, of which he was the oldest living member.

In politics, Judge Frye was a democrat. He did not, however, accept every doctrine of the party merely because it was labeled "democratic:" but was a deep student of

public questions, and did his own political thinking. He respected the feelings of other men, generously giving to them the same privilege which he claimed for himself, of individual belief. Although not active in politics, he was, for several years, a member of the democratic State Committee.

In 1879, he was elected Judge of Probate for Oxford County, and performed the duties of that office for two years. In 1881, he was nominated for United States Senator by the democratic party, but was defeated by the Hon. William P. Frye. He was interested in town affairs and occupied different town offices, but was chary in accepting any office that would interfere with his professional duties. He was a trustee of Gould's Academy for forty-six years, succeeding his father in that capacity, and was always awake to its needs and active in its interests.

As a citizen, he was esteemed and respected. In his personal relations, he was honorable, gentle, affable and kind. He was ardent, trustful, and devoted in his friendships. In his business, he was industrious, methodical, and attentive to details. He was a great student, and his evenings were spent in reading literature other than that of a legal nature. In religious belief, he was a Universalist, and was long identified with that church in Bethel.

His death, which occurred January 28, 1900, has removed one of Bethel's most prominent landmarks, and has taken from the home, which to him was always a sacred precinct, the unsullied affection, sympathy and counsel of a model husband and father.

He leaves to his many friends the memory of a man of rich mental gifts, clear intelligence and just judgment,—a precious legacy.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself would come
uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

TENNYSON.

Quotations.

["The bearing of these observations lies in the application on 'em."]

- A happy youth.
Harry Purington.
- The daughter of a king.
Ruth.
- I shall be as secret as the grave.
The M. I. L.
- In youth and beauty wisdom is very rare.
Freshmen.
- The sight of you is good for sore eyes.
Walter Wight.
- A faultless body and a blameless mind.
Maud Davis.
- The mildest manners, the gentlest heart.
Gay.
- There's something in a flying horse.
Cushman.
- One of those heavenly days that cannot die.
Declamation Day.
- In holy time, as quiet as a nun.
Miss Bartlett.
- The Mayor's (Maher's) sweetheart.
— - st - - K - - - ll.
- Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
Adelia Morse.
- There's a good time a coming.
Examinations.
- A prodigy of learning.
Victor Gehring.
- Too civil by half.
Wallace Goodwin.
- A moral, sensible, and well-bred man.
Carlson.
- Gloomy (?) as the night, she stands.
Daisy Dixon.
- My heart is as true as steel.
Mr. Hanscom.
- He mouths a sentence as a cur mouths a bone.
Saunders.
- None but himself can be his parallel.
Fenwicke Holmes.
- I never was less alone than when by myself.
Guy Davis.
- These are times that try men's souls. (soles.)
Coming down stairs.
- He thought as a sage though he felt as a man.
Walter Holmes.
- And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?
The favorite (?) quotations.
- Young fellows will be young fellows.
Freshmen boys and— others.
- 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of spirit.
Henrietta Douglas.
- They say a carpenter's known by his chips.
Godwin.
- The Frenchman's darling.
Miss S-n - - - n.
- What religion is he of?
Why, he is an Anythingarian.
Twaddle.
- And every eye
Gaz'd as before some brother of the sky.
Wm. Holmes.
- As high as we have mounted in delight,
In dejection do we sink as low.
The Stair-Tumblers.
- There goes the parson, O, illustrious spark!
Sanborn.
- And thou art long, and lank, and brown.
Richardson.
- Red as a rose is she.
Ethel Sanborn.
- And she was both young and beautiful.
Heien Bisbee.
- Her stature tall—a dumpy woman is to be hated.
Miss Bennett.
- Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.
Alma Gehring.

Sing, black-birds, but sing something new.
Glee Club.

School Notes.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching.
Mr. Johnson.

To be in the front ranks is good enough for me.
Arthur Richardson.

No man shall look on my face and live.
Nora Ellingwood.

And puts himself upon his good behavior.
Jerome Holmes.

He would not, with peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.
Guy Barker.

A lovely lady, garmented in light,
From her own beauty.
Grace Chapman.

In every deed of mischief, he had a heart to re-
solve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.
Maher.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
Miss Wells.

Remote from cities lived a swain,
Unvexed by all the cares of gain.
Martin.

Her airs, her manners all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.
Miss Weitz.

I would have no one control me; I would be absolute;
and who but I? Now, he that is absolute can do what he likes;
he that can do what he likes can take his pleasure;
and he that can take his pleasure can be content;
and he that can be content has no more to desire.
So the matter is over; and come what may, I am satisfied.
Geo. Ryerson.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom, draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.
—Whittier.

"Oh, that's dead easy! just watch your Uncle Dudley do it."

WANTED—A girl, one with a pretty face and sweet disposition preferred.—A. G. C.

"Zeke" reports a pleasant sleigh-ride with two of the Junior class girls.

"Loudly they wail and tear their hair,
Life is a burden and full of care,"
Second Arithmetic Class.

Prof.—"What is the locus of a point at a given distance from a fixed point?"

Student—"¶ 57, Corollary 2."

The new students this term are:

Allora Flint,	Wentworth's Location, N. H.
Harry Brooks,	Upton, Maine
Gertrude Cooledge,	Upton, Maine
Agnes Brooks,	Upton, Maine
Edith Hastings,	Bethel, Maine
Millard Clough,	Bethel, Maine

In Physics we learn that the attraction of gravity varies in different places. It must have been very strong near Miss Wells' seat, one morning recently.

Teacher (Literature Class)—"What did Hecuba find in her wardrobe to offer as a 'sacrifice?'"

Mr. F. (absent-mindedly).—"Twelve heifers."

Virgil—"Lentum convellum vimen inse-
quor."—"And I proceed to tear up the tough women."

Miss P.—"What is *your* idea of Macbeth?"

Student—"I think he was a fine lady."

WANTED—Less whispering or more front seats.

We are told that one of the boys near the back seat lost a shoe recently. Ask Walter about it.

"Don't let them guy you, Davis."

Miss P. (Literature Class)—"What can you say of his parents?"

Smart Girl—"His father was an Englishman, and his mother was a Frenchman."

The Academy recently received from Senator Wm. P. Frye a large wall map of the United States, a volume of Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of Nelson Dingley, together with nine volumes of Bulletins of the American Republics.

A few moments each morning are devoted to the study of Parliamentary Law. The students are permitted to ask questions, required to take notes and expected to be ready to respond with some fact in relation to the subject, whenever called upon. Much has already been learned relative to the method of conducting a meeting "decently and in order."

The students were recently granted leave from study hours to attend the lecture, "Plod," delivered by Dr. Freeman at the Methodist church.

Teacher—"Define Hyperbole."

Miss L.—"A 'Hyperbole' is an extravaganation."

A Glee Club has recently been formed with Miss Purington as accompanist and director. The Club meets twice each week at Miss Purington's home. Mr. Brooks, with his violin, and Mr. Gay with his banjo, also lend valuable assistance. These instruments together with the bass and tenor voices, produce, if not *perfect harmony*, at least a pleasing variation from the much heard, solo-like strains of feminine voices, so noticeable at the morning exercises. Surely G. A. has sufficient musical talent, if it be only brought out, to maintain a first-class Glee Club. Let the good work go on!

CHARACTERISTIC NAMES.

Important George.
"Putty" Goodwin.
True Blue Tuell.
Sharp "Barb."
Saint "Peter."
Demure but Gay.
Stately Jerome.
Good-natured Harvey.
Quiet Widd.

Haughty Henrietta.
Rustic Chesley.
Silent Davis.
Sweet Minnie.
Daisy Dixon.
Behind-time Godwin.
Dignified Winona.
Jolly Hester.
Studious Delia.

The leading event of the winter term, thus far, has been the speaking for appointment on the Prize contest. The contestants were selected from the entire school, by committees consisting of Dr. J. G. Gehring, Dr. G. L. Sturdivant, and Miss Susie Twitchell, for the young ladies; Mr. E. C. Bowler, Dr. C. D. Hill, and Mrs. A. E. Herrick, for the young gentlemen. The contestants are:

Miss Elsie Weitz,	Mr. Geo. Ryerson,
Miss Barbara Carter,	Mr. Wm. Holmes,
Miss Adelia Morse,	Mr. Gilbert Tuell,
Miss Grace Chapman,	Mr. Wallace Goodwin,
Miss Effie Thurston,	Mr. Chas. Holmes,
Miss Ruby Wells,	Mr. M. B. Gay.

The Contest will occur in Odeon Hall, Friday evening, March 2.

The class parts for graduation as elected by the class of 1900, are as follows:

Salutatory—Merritt B. Gay,
Valedictory—Maud L. Thurston.
Oration—Chas. H. Holmes.
History—Barbara A. Carter.
Ode—Constance H. Grover.
Prophecy—Harry Farwell.
Presentation of Gifts—Wm. H. Holmes.

Other plans are being made for Commencement week.

Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon.

Tuesday—Prize Debate between the Juniors and Seniors.

DISPUTANTS:

Seniors—Chas. H. Holmes, M. B. Gay.
Juniors—Edwin L. Harvey, Walter Holmes.

Thursday afternoon—Graduation exercises in Odeon Hall.

Thursday evening—Commencement Concert.

Friday evening—Class Reception.

G. A. SOCIAL.

The truth of the old saying that "supplying one need creates another," was made manifest to the students and teachers of Gould's Academy when the recent acquisition of books to the Academy Library revealed to them the need of a new bookcase.

How to raise funds was the next question—a question which was solved in a highly satisfactory manner, Thursday evening, Jan.

4. At that time the students and their friends, to the number of about one hundred, assembled in the gymnasium—or, as the students delight to call it, the "sky parlor"—for the enjoyment of a social evening. The teachers had full charge of the program, and a dime, deposited in the seemingly capacious hand of Mr. Johnson, was the magic talisman that caused the doors to swing open to those who desired to enter.

The students were welcomed by Mrs. Hanscom and Mrs. Johnson, after which they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the excellent program, which was carried out under the direction of Prin. Hanscom.

Two features worthy of special mention, were "Keep your eyes open," and a voting contest. In the former, all were permitted to march past a table on which thirty articles had been promiscuously arranged, and then requested to make a list of what they saw. Miss Ethel Sanborn won first prize by correctly naming twenty-three articles displayed. It was thought that one so discerning would be likely to see so many faults in all the young men of her acquaintance that she would always remain single, hence she was given a miniature tabby-cat to keep her company in her old age.

Miss Daisy Dixon presented the smallest list and was given a pair of spectacles in the hope that she might see better in the future.

As the promoters of the enterprise had not disguised the fact that it was a "money-making scheme," no one was surprised when it was announced that there would be a voting contest with votes at "three cents each

—two for five," for the most popular student of Gould's Academy. Mr. Gotthard Carlson was the successful candidate, and the recipient of a ruler made from timber taken from the Old South Church, Boston, one hundred and sixty-five years old.

Thirteen dollars and fifty cents was realized, and all went home happy, agreeing that no better time had been held at Gould's Academy for many a day.

Athletics.

The interest in athletics is on the increase, and after the successful season at foot ball, it is thought that it may be possible to have a "Field Day" in the spring. Systematic work is being carried on in the gymnasium, under the direction of Prof. Hanscom, and Messrs. Carlson, Ryerson, and Lawrence. With the material at hand, there is no reason why we may not make a good showing on "Field Day."

The foot ball team disbanded Monday, Nov. 13, after a successful season, recording three victories, one tie, and two defeats.

Since the last issue of the HERALD, the team played Berlin High School team at Riverside Park, Saturday, Nov. 11. A good game was anticipated, but we did not expect to win, as it was thought we were out-classed. It was a victory for G. A., however, to the tune of 22 to 0.

Berlin played an aggressive game from beginning to end, but especially during the first half. At the kick-off, they rushed the ball within ten yards of the G. A. goal; but there it stopped, and from this moment, the home team played for victory, hardly losing the ball a single time. Berlin fumbled easily, and our centre was generally where the ball was, and when the ball dropped, he dropped also. The chief feature was at the end of the last half. With but 38 seconds left to play from the kick-off, Ryerson held the ball on a criss-cross and sped down the field for a touch-down.

The line-up was:

GOULD'S ACADEMY

Carlson, l. e.
Saunders, l. t.
Stanley, l. g.
Watson, c.
Davis, r. g.
Bean, r. t.
Ryerson, r. e.
Holmes, q. b.
Smith, r. h. b.
Maher, l. h. b.
Farwell, f. b.

BERLIN HIGH SCHOOL.

r. e., Oleson
r. t., Dooley
r. g., Hill
c., Stearns
l. g., Murray
l. t., Greene
l. e. Walsh
q. b., Stowell
l. h. b., Chamberlain
r. h. b., Holt
f. b., Noyes

Score, Gould's 22, Berlin, 0.

Touchdowns, Carlson, Farwell, Smith, Ryerson. Goals, Carlson, 2.

Referee, E. B. McGee, Berlin.

Umpire, Herman Mason, Bethel.

Timekeepers, Harry Hastings, Wm. A. Twaddle.

Linesmen, Reynolds, Maxfield.

A Little Way Down Street.

MY boy, you came in rather late last night, and this morning when your mother asked you where you were, you said "Down Street." Then when she wanted to know whereabouts down street, you said, "Oh, just a little ways." Now, I don't think you intended to lie to your mother. As a rule, you are a truthful boy, and your mother can believe you. But I wonder if you know how far down street you were last night? You were right when you said you were "down street;" whenever a boy comes home late at night, and is afraid or ashamed to tell just where he has been and what he has been doing, I know as well as he does, and his mother knows, and everybody who knows anything about boys knows, that he has been "down street."

And more than that, my boy; I know that he has been a long way down street. A long, long way.

Somehow the street always has a down grade from home when you sneak out after

night. See how far you get from respectability and self-respect, when you reach this corner, "just a little ways down," where you loafed—eh? Well, I'll say "loitered," last night. Here are the fellows with whom you loitered.

See, too, how far you were from purity. Some of the boys told some stories; do you think you can repeat them to your sisters? Don't you wish you had never heard them? Don't you know your mind will never again be as pure and innocent as it was before you went "just a little way down street" last night?

"But," you say, "a boy doesn't have to go with toughs and riff-raff when he goes 'down street;' there are some mighty nice boys go down street at night." My boy, I know it; there are some "mighty nice boys" go out nights, but they are not so nice when they come back. You can't select your company on the street. The corner is free to everybody. There is no exclusiveness in street company. There is no safe "corner" for you after night except the chimney corner. And when you leave that, and spend the evening on the street, and can give no account of your doings on your return beyond the bald statement that you were "just down street a little ways," we know, with pain and sorrow, that our boy has locked up in his mind and heart, shameful, guilty things that he dare not tell in his home. Keep off the streets after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and what is a far more important thing, you will think much better of yourself.

SELECTED.

Moral energy grows with the obstacles against which it is measured; and the putting forth of moral energy as the purpose of our lives is the highest exemplification of humanity. When we put forth the highest moral energy then we touch the stars of life.

Statistics of the Class of 1900.



NAME.	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Future Occupation.	Favorite Study.	Favorite Amusement.	Nickname.	By-word.
Wm. H. Holmes,	20	5-6½	130	Spending Money,	French,	<i>Working,</i>	Silent,	Lord!
Maud L. Thurston,	20	5-7	125	Novelist,	Greek,	Studying,	Maudie,	Heavens and Earth!
Chas. H. Holmes,	19	5-6½	120	Hunting Bears,	Algebra,	Reading,	Has None,	Honest!
Constance H. Grover,	17	5-7½	145	Teaching,	Algebra,	Games,	Connie,	My Patience!
Harry Farwell,	19	5-9	145	Law,	Latin,	Loafing,	Harry,	By Jove!
Daisy Dixon,	20	5-½	106	Washing Dishes,	English History,	Laughing,	Dixie,	O, Heavens!
M. B. Gay,	19	5-9½	150	Don't Know,	Geometry,	Driving,	Mert,	Gracious!
Barbara A. Carter,	18	5-3¼	123	Teaching,	Latin,	Meditating,	Barb,	Too numerous to mention

NAME.	Expression of Countenance.	Character.	Highest Ambition.	Idea of What Bethel Needs Most.	Bethel's Greatest Nuisance.	Last Great Accomplishment.
Wm. H. Holmes,	All Expressions,	Very Bad,	To be Thought Wise,	A Warmer Climate,	The Almighty Dollar(?),	Had His Virgil Lesson.
Maud L. Thurston,	Thoughtful,	The Best There Is,	To Look Well,	Suburban Street Railway,	Undeveloped Genius,	Mastered the French Language.
Chas. H. Holmes,	Variable,	Excellent,	President of United States,	Pretty Girls,	C. E. Socials,	"Saw ——— Home."
Constance H. Grover,	Pleasant,	Medium,	To be Good,	Better-natured People,	G. A. Boys,	Wrote an Ode.
Harry Farwell,	Profound,	Deliberative,	Known only to Himself,	More Room for Me,	Study Hours,	A New Method in Algebra.
Daisy Dixon,	Smiling,	Steady,	To be a Trained Nurse,	Wider Sidewalks,	The High Hand-shake,	Demonstrated an "Original."
M. B. Gay,	Happy,	Above Reproach,	To be a Lawyer,	Life,	Snow-storms,	Wrote an Editorial.
Barbara A. Carter,	Wanting,	Obstinate,	To Pass in Tests,	Woman's Suffrage,	Electric Lights.	Froze Her Toes.

Exchanges.

We are sorry to find so few exchanges on our table, and we are surprised that this should be the case, since we sent out nearly one hundred copies of our last *HERALD* and asked the courtesy of exchange. We desire to express our thanks to those who have responded to our invitation. We will be pleased to exchange with any paper at any time.

The W. T. M. A. Bugle Notes again comes to us, and we hear its strains with pleasure. We envy this paper its long list of exchanges.

We have the H. S. Recorder, Ellsworth, Me., through the courtesy of our former teacher, Mr. E. H. Pratt. It has a really fine article on "A Swiss School."

The November number of the High School Register, Burlington, Vt., contains a fine likeness of Admiral Dewey, and a cut of the State House, which, together with its well written articles, make it a paper of which the school may justly be proud.

The lover of Maine will find a kindred spirit in the writer of the article, "Glimpses of Maine," in the Ariel, Bucksport, Me.

One of our contemporaries excuses its exchange column containing but three items with the old saw: "Quality is better than quantity." We fail to see the application in this instance.

The Academy Zephyr prints an interesting and amusing story, entitled "Two Little Girls in Blue."

The South Paris High School sends us the Chronicle of its school events with a goodly number of school notes.

The Leavitt Angelus is, indeed, a good paper, for its age.

There are some well written articles in the H. S. Breccia, Deering, Me.

We have received the first issue of the Rumford Falls Spray.

The Amaracus and P. H. S. Racquet present themselves in their customary creditable manner.

The Roxbury Enterprise comes to us freighted with good reading matter.

We have not received papers from the following schools:

Bridgton Academy.
Washington Academy.
Bates College.
Hebron Academy.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from well-worn field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—A. A. Proctor.



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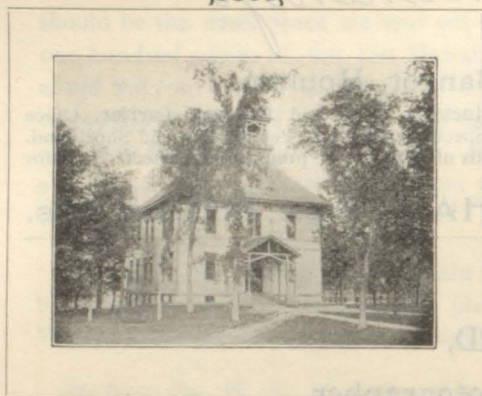
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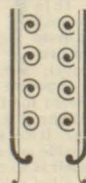
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



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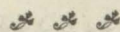
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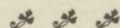
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